

Presageth warlike humors in his life.  
Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward,  
Shalt be immediately created Knight:  
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name.

*Eyden* Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,  
A poore Esquire of Kent.

*King* Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden Knight,  
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue  
A thousand markes a yeere for to maintaine thee,  
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,  
For those that could performe this worthy act,  
And thou shalt waite vpon the person of the King.

*Eyden* I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,  
Then I prooue iust and loyall vnto my King. *exii.*

*Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerset.*

*King* O Buckingham, see where Somerset comes,  
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

*Queene* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,  
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

*Yorke* Who's that? proud Somerset at liberty?  
Base feareful Henry that thus dishonorst me.  
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me,  
I cannot brooke that traitors presence here,  
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,  
That knowes not how to gouerne, nor to rule,  
Resigne thy crowne proud Lancaster to me,  
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,  
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,  
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throne.

*Somer.* Proud traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,  
Against thy Soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,  
For here I sweare thou shalt vnto the Tower,  
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the King.

*Yorke* Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shall be my baile,  
And send thee there in spight of him.  
Ho, where are you boyes?

*Queene* Call Clifford hither presently.

*Enter*

*Enter the Duke of Yorkes sonnes, Edward the Earle of March,  
crooke-backe Richard, at the one doore, with drum and souldiers,  
and at the other doore, enter Clifford and his sonne, with drum  
and souldiers, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, and speakes.*

*Cliff.* Long liue my noble Lord and soueraigne King.

*Yorke* We thank thee Clifford:

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,  
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

*Cliff.* Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King:  
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.

*King* Yea, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus,  
To leaue Armes against his lawfull King.

*Cliff.* Why do not your grace send him to the Tower?

*Queene* He is arrested, but will not obey,  
His sonnes he saith shall be his suertie.

*Yorke* How say you boyes, will you not?

*Edward* Yes noble father, if our words wil serue.

*Richard* And if our words will not, our swords shall.

*Yorke* Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.

*King* Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.

*Yorke* Call Buckingham, and all the frends thou hast,  
Both thou and they shall curse this fatall houre.

*Enter at one doore the Earle of Salisbury and Warwicke, with  
drum and souldiers: and at the other, the duke of Buckingham,  
drum and souldiers.*

*Cliff.* Are these thy beares? weel bayte them soone,  
Dispight of thee and all the frends thou hast.

*War.* You had best go dreame againe,  
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

*Clf.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storine,  
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,  
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*War.* Now by my fathers age, old Neuells crest,  
The Rampant beare chaine to the ragged staffe,  
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet.

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